

## Amusing Miscellany.

## A FUNNY SCENE.

The following must be an old story, but if so it is good enough to pass a second reading: In a most delightful country town in New Jersey, called Bordentown, the Delaware makes a short turn to the westward, and has in consequence thereof, worked for itself quite a deep bay on the Jersey shore. This bay, from its being protected from the winds and "out of tide," is a favorite harbor of the rascals who annually come down that noble river by hundreds, bringing acres of lumber, much of it from the very source of the river, in the State of New York. Now early in the spring of 18—when the Camden and Annapolis Railroad was first put into operation, (the railroad, by the by, runs round the edge of the above mentioned bay,) a certain Sam Sims, with a young man who rejoiced in the name of Ichabod Twine, came down the river on a raft of white pine boards, and about 8 o'clock of a cold, blustery, cloudy night were busily engaged securing their raft in the above mentioned bay, when Ichabod was startled by a sort of belching, rumbling noise; he turned to Sam, and with a long grave face, almost whispered:

"What is that?"

Sam shook his hoary head, but spoke not, the sound came nearer, but nothing was to be seen; they stood still in amazement, the silence only broken by the superhuman noise, and an occasional exclamation of "S-h-u-a" from Ichabod. Both stood with their eyes in the direction of the sound, when round the point below, not three hundred yards from them, came a thing—a very demon—belching out smoke and fire, uttering the most horrid groans and shrieks.

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" shouted Ichabod.—"Sam, Sam, give me that axe! here comes the devil! Give me that axe you darned old fool! Lord! Lord! Will the folks in him ever believe that I come down here to tide water to be truck right off by the old devil!"

Ichabod whirled the axe around his head in regular backwoods fashion, and stood his ground like a man; but on came the devil, apparently straight for the raft. Oh, how the sparks flew, (they had not then invented the patent spark catcher,) Ichabod looked round, old Sam was making for the outside shore of the raft; there was no time to think about it, it was freezing and cold and the ice was floating in small cakes down the river; but Ichabod, dropping the axe and singing out, "You will have a darned good swim to catch me!" made one jump to the side of the raft and another overboard, and struck out for the Pennsylvania shore, at least a mile distant.

In the meantime Sam, in running across the raft in his flight, caught his foot and down he went. He got up, looked round, the devil had passed, and was puffing and blowing up the hill beyond.

Sam called Ichabod back, and they proceeded to the tavern, where they related their adventure much to the amusement of their fellow-rascalsmen.

## NULLIFYING A BAD LEASE.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains," by which he amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of farms, and is noted for his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be responsible. His object is to lease his house for a term of years to his best tenants, and get the uttermost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the landlord, ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart," immediately commenced to "jerk" him. He found that the tenant appeared to suit the Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it, the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon kindling fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw" and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics drenched with leakage. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" both room upon the second floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you called 'sucked in,' vis zis dam maison," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards, "but n'importe, ve sal see vat ve sal see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and while passing down, he encountered the landlord.

"Ah ho!—Bon jour, monsieur," said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent. Eh bien monsieur, I have but ze one regret."

"Ah! What's that?"

"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I find vat you call ze lease, zat you have give me ze house for but tree year, and I very much sorry for zat."

"But of course you can have it longer if you wish."

"Ah, monsieur, sal be very much glad if I have zat house so long as I please—ch monsieur."

"Oh certainly sir."

"Tres bien, monsieur! I sal walk right to your offices, and you sal give me vat you call ze lease for zat maison, just so long as I sal want ze house. Eh, monsieur?"

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there your life time, if you like."

"Ah, monsieur—I have very much tank you for ze accommodation."

The old lease was destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the Frenchman, giving him possession of the premises for "such a period as the lessee shall desire the same, he paying the rent promptly, &c."

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## THE SHORTEST WAY.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, (Indiana) was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross-roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and gain some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now, which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveler noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west."

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road south-west."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road north-west."

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I want to go the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

## THAT HARP.

Below we publish the defence of Rev. Arter Mangum which we read from the *Spirit of the Age*. Read the Letter:

to the so called Editor of the woeful spirit of the age

Sir I see in a September of your trashy paper what you have made another attempt to expel the heretic of the hard-shelled baptist as you call em

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## ARTER MANGUM.

Wilks N. C. 1855.

## Farmer's Department.

## FRUIT AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Were we of the South, to cultivate and use fruit more as a standard article of food, instead of eating it indiscriminately between meals, we should be all healthier people. We consume too much meat at our meals, neglecting the fruits which a beneficent Providence has blessed us with. Were we to breakfast on milk or coffee, with figs and nutmeg or christina melons, dine on such meats as taste or purse will permit, with vegetables to match, and a desert of watermelons, grapes, apples, peaches, &c., and sup on a cup of aromatic tea, with strawberries and cream, we might dispense with the pastry cook and the doctor, provided we could eat no fruit between meals. It is not a little astonishing that with the immense amount of fruit produced at the South, it does not diminish the consumption of meat and bread. There is no doubt but that the summers of the South would be the healthiest portion of the year, were we only to use fruit as a necessary article of food. When we say fruit, we do not mean the trash that stands for weeks on the huckster stalls of the cities, but that which is picked fresh, every morning, from our own vines and trees. Most of our fruits abound in sugar, which is flourishing, cooling and healthy, whilst the meats consumed abound in oil, which is heating, stimulating and predisposing to fevers. Some of the healthiest people in the world live in the tropical regions, whose breakfasts consists of oranges, pine apples, figs or bananas, dinner of melons and raisins, supper of dried fruits with tea or coffee. They have learned to adapt their food to the climate and the wise provisions of Providence, and when we do the same, we shall be a healthier people.

## Soil of the South.

Oh certainly sir."

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essentially to the enriching qualities of the manure heap. Gardeners prize highly a compost made in part of decomposed leaves.

As the leaf harvest is the last harvest of the year let it be attended to when its time comes.

## WEARING OF FLANNELS.

There is a very important matter connected with dress, which I cannot pass over in silence: I mean the wearing of flannel next to the skin. In the minds of many persons there is a considerable prejudice against wearing it, though of late years there is a sounder public opinion than formerly. I will now state very briefly the advantages of flannel and give some striking examples in confirmation. In the first place, it is a bad conductor of caloric, and tends therefore, to prevent the escape of animal heat. Secondly, it aids largely in protecting the body against the influences of sudden changes in the weather. By preventing the rapid escape of animal heat, and by the gentle friction of the skin and the slight irritation of the general surface, its tendency is to keep up an equal temperature. The gentle friction aids in maintaining the circulation in the cutaneous vessels, and at the same time imparts a healthful stimulus to the nerves. That it contributes no little to these ends may be readily perceived by observing the change of temperature and other effects produced on parts subjected to friction by the hand or in any other way. I know that the irritation produced by flannels is so great in some persons that they cannot wear it next to the skin. When it is worn loosely as it should always be done, this friction must take place to a considerable extent in every movement of the body. I have to add, as another advantage, that there is no other material which absorbs so well the exhalations from the skin. This fact very naturally suggests a frequent change or its thorough ventilation at night; the former however, is to be preferred.—Extract from *Dr. Boile's Introduction to Physiology*.

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